

# The Alaskan Churchman

AUGUST, 1955

Number 3



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW  
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;  
PRAISE+HIM+AND+  
MAGNIFY+HIM+FOREVER





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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

# The Alaskan Churchman

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## EDITORIAL

The Episcopal Church in Alaska has ministered to the people of the Indian village of Shageluk since the very beginnings of our work in the Territory. The Rev. John W. Chapman who went to Anvik in 1887 to minister to the lower Yukon area for forty-three years, early began working with the people along the Innoko River at the villages of Shageluk and Holikachuk, and the Indians of the area have looked to us ever since.

Christ Church Mission at Anvik also included a boarding school for almost fifty years of its ministry. In addition, the missionary served as postmaster, radio operator, and in a hundred other capacities, so through the years there was very little time to carry on a vital ministry at Shageluk and Holikachuk, separated by twenty-five miles of swampy land from the Yukon or calling for a trip

of 230 miles by boat to visit both communities from Anvik.

The Church has long realized the need for some continuous ministry at the two villages on the Innoko and last year part of the problem was met when the Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland took up residence at Holikachuk to serve St. Paul's Mission there. This was made possible budgetwise by transferring the appropriation for a priest at Eagle to be applied to the larger village of Holikachuk.

Now in the summer of 1955, for the first time the Church has a resident full time worker at Shageluk. For several years we have had a nurse stationed at the mission at Anvik along with the priest. This appropriation has been transferred to St. Luke's Mission, Shageluk, and on May 16th Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N., accompanied by four hundred pounds of baggage, flew with Bishop Gordon in the "Blue Box" to Anvik en route to her new post at Shageluk.

Since the village of Anvik is situated across the Yukon River from the sand bar used for landings in the Anvik area, this flight presented some complications because of the imminent moving of the Yukon ice in the spring break-up. However, the Rev. Glen Wilcox was able to place his sled and dogs in a small boat and move them across the water along the edge of the ice to the firmer ice in the main pack; then travel by dog team across the ice to the other shore; then by boat again to the safety of the sand bar. This whole process had to be reversed along with Miss Aubrey and her baggage for the return trip, but before the day was over she was safely across and settled at Anvik to wait the coming of the first pontoon-equipped aircraft to transfer her to Shageluk on May 29th.

Miss Aubrey is the ideal person by background and training to take over the responsibilities of this important new work. She has been a missionary in Alaska for the past four years. She served first as nurse-in-charge of the medical work at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana and the community of Nenana itself. To fill an emergency



# ME AND SHAGELUK

By JEAN E. AUBREY, P.H.N.

Bishop Gordon has asked for an article about Shageluk for the Alaskan Churchman. I think, though, that this is going to have to be an article about me and Shageluk. You see, I don't know too much about my new home as yet, having been here only a month at this writing, so this will be a sort of resume of impressions, together with a few hopeful thoughts about the future. It is much too soon for any categorical statements or sweeping conclusions, and I rather doubt that these are ever valid. Instead, I shall try to convey to you what has actually happened so far, and what I have been able to observe for myself and some of the things I have learned in these few weeks.

Physically the village is not too hard to describe. It is a long skinny

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situation at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon, she served as acting superintendent for about eighteen months and did an admirable job. On her recent furlough in the States she had some additional training in Public Health at the University of Pittsburgh and spent two most profitable months at the conference center at Parishfield in the Diocese of Michigan, receiving help and instruction in Bible study and in the practical lay ministry of the Church.

At Shageluk Miss Aubrey will have the responsibility of all the medical work of the village—two hundred miles from the nearest doctor and hospital at Bethel, and she will also assist with the medical work at Holikachuk. In addition, she will conduct the services of the Church and carry on the ministry of the gospel for these people who need and want it so greatly. To assist Miss Aubrey the two priests at Holikachuk and Anvik will make regular visits to Shageluk, and we believe that with the strengthening power of Almighty God the Church in Shageluk will bring real blessings to His people there.

village situated on a narrow strip of land between the Innoko River and a large lake. If we lose much more river bank we shall all be living on rafts in the lake some time soon, but since this possibility does not bother anyone else, I refuse to lose sleep over it. There are about one hundred twenty people here except during the summer when most of the families go out to the Yukon river for fishing. We have an Alaska Native Service school, two small general stores, a postoffice and two church buildings. One of the churches is our own St. Luke's Mission and the other is a small Roman Catholic chapel which is infrequently used. The family homes are log cabins located on either side of the long trail which runs the length of the village. Right now it is summertime and the green grass is growing to unbelievable heights; there are thousands of birds of several varieties swooping about and the wild flowers are beginning to bloom.

The people though, are much more important than the physical layout of the village itself. These folks are friendly—really friendly, not just outwardly so. I have not had the feeling that their kindness to me has been because of ulterior motives. They have not given me a chance to feel lonely or out of touch with them, and I think they want my friendship as much as I want theirs. I know you will understand how much this means.

The Church has been at work in Shageluk for many years and the people are not unfamiliar with Christian teachings. As with all Christian groups, there is an unevenness of development, but there seems to be a consciousness of their need which provides a good basis for future teaching. We are fortunate in having two priests in nearby villages, Glen Wilcox in Anvik and Tom Cleveland in Holikachuk, so we are able to have frequent celebrations of Holy Communion when these enthusiastic young men visit us. Church attendance is





Miss Jean E. Aubrey, en route to Shageluk, is met at Anvik by the Rev. Glen M. Wilcox.

generally good although it could stand improvement. We have a beautiful new church which is already in use though it is not quite finished, and our newly formed Woman's auxiliary has started working on badly needed altar linens. We also have another plan in mind, but it is to be a SURPRISE so I can't disclose the details except for saying that the results will be worth while and unique. The Church School, which meets Saturday mornings, has an enrollment of twenty-three so far and the youngsters are showing that they have real learning ability and spirit. I forgot to mention that the villagers speak very good English so there is no need to use interpreters. We are learning new hymns and beginning to sing some of the Canticles and I am happy to say that this is one congregation which does not balk at the idea of trying unfamiliar tunes. The organ will not arrive until the last boat of the summer so in the meantime we are making joyful noises a capella—it's the easiest way to teach music anyway, in my opinion. We have regular Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock Sunday and a somewhat more informal Evening Prayer service at 7:30. At the latter we learn our new music, have a Bible lesson and brief talk

and have prayers for those who are ill or in special need.

The nursing also promises to be a challenge for we have our share of tuberculosis cases and there are the usual illnesses, injuries, and maternity cases to care for.

The whole village was X-rayed in April and all the suspected and active cases of tuberculosis are either under treatment now or will be soon. There is a tendency here to think of the tuberculosis nurse as a sort of miracle worker whose very presence will automatically preclude any future disasters, so I foresee the need of a lot of health education. I think there will be sufficient cooperation once the people see that their role is even more important than that of the nurse. At the moment the greatest demand is for dental extractions and it seems that I am the only self-styled dentist between here and Bethel, which is about 200 miles away. I have a special prayer of thanksgiving which I offer every time I use those wonderful shiny new dental instruments paid for by my friends Outside. What a blessing it is to have the right equipment!

As far as my personal life is concerned, I am looking forward to living in somewhat larger quarters by



the end of summer. At the moment I am occupying a tiny cabin about 10x12 feet in measurement which is crammed full of me and my belongings. It is remarkably snug and comfortable though and I find there are compensations as well as drawbacks involved. It takes only a few minutes to clean house in the morning—I can reach almost anything by stretching out an arm and since I have to put everything back in its place immediately after using it, I don't have a chance to let things get cluttered. One of the initial drawbacks was the lowness of the ceiling, for I can stand straight only in the center of the room. However, after one or two weeks of bumping my head several times a day, I finally learned to duck at the right times, so my head has assumed its former shape. The old church is being remodeled and enlarged as a permanent residence. I don't really know what to call it though, a rectory is where a rector lives, so perhaps it will be a nurse-evangelistery. It is already assuming the proportions of a palace in my mind, with such welcome additions as a real stove with oven, oil heat and enough space for meetings and so forth.

Some of the things I have learned are as follows: that green birch wood is no good for starting fires; that if one loses one's balance in a boat, one goes into the river (but at least I went gracefully); that ordering food for a year involves some risk (I have in my possession a 20 lb. box of cookies!); and to be thankful that I have been sent to Shageluk where the people are not only friendly but have a wonderful sense of humor.

Perhaps five years from now I can write an article about Shageluk which will be at least partially authoritative. This is the best I can do now. We Shagelukians are all in the process of learning and growing in God's grace. We ask your prayers and promise our faithfulness.

The "Blue Box" is taking a well-earned rest while the Bishop is on furlough but at the rate the pilot of the little Yellow Pacer—the Rev. Norman Elliott—is flying, it too will need a rest by the time the last seminarian

and volunteer summer worker has started back to the States. In between one flight Mr. Elliott assisted with the copy for this issue.

The Bishop's house has been kept open this summer for the care of the summer workers as they come and go in their work. Miss Amelia Hill, formerly of Allakaket, and who came to Alaska this summer literally 'for the ride', is there as housemother. Between June 19th and August 1st—44 days—she has "put up" the equivalent of 166 persons for one night each. Two of these persons have been women workers from the interior on their vacations; the last persons were four eleven year old boy scouts on their way back to Nenana from camp.

At precisely 12:25 p.m. on June 15th a huge Pan American Clipper touched lightly down on the runway of Fairbanks International Airport bringing the Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn to Alaska. Approximately three hours later a tiny yellow Piper Pacer touched, not so lightly, down on the airstrip at Tanana, bringing the Rev. Mr. Mendelsohn to his new post. The swift change from Waterbury, Connecticut to the Indian village of Tanana must have been startling enough, but far less vivid than the sudden transfer from a spacious "Clipper" to a "pocket-sized" Pacer well packed with a nurse returning to her station with her husky dog; suit-cases and several assorted packages, sleeping bags and emergency rations. It is greatly to Mr. Mendelsohn's credit that he survived this typical Alaskan greeting and we are delighted to have him with us.

Influenza, once one of the most dreaded diseases of the Northland and still a terrible disease among the Native people, struck villages along the Koyukuk River during July. Particularly hard hit was our Mission village at Allakaket. Thanks to the unceasing labors of the Rev. and Mrs. Richard Miller, and to the generous assistance of Miss Caroline Templeton (Daily Vacation Bible School teacher), Miss Harriet Keefer, P. H. N. from the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon, and Dr. eJan C. Persons (in charge of the Alaska Native Service Hospital, Tanana) the epidemic was brought under control.



# YOU DREAMER!

By CARTER VAN WAES

That God speaks to men in many ways is a fact which cannot easily be denied by even the most conservatively pious among us today. From among the varied and sundry mediums He chooses to make Himself known and one often pooh-poohed by our modern and sophisticated generation, I think now in particular of that phenomenon called dreams. In our present age we look out upon not only the ancients but our immediate ancestors and parents as "dreamers" and take an unjustifiable pride in the false assumption that we are 'self-made' men—Masters of our fate and Captains of our own souls. Holy Scripture is quite vehement in its condemnation of what the Church has named the cardinal among the sins of the Spirit, namely Pride. "Pride" says the Book of Proverbs, "goeth before destruction" and according to ancient tradition was the sin of Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness.

The Old and New Testaments contain countless instances of God's voice speaking to men in their dreams. Joseph was called in a derogatory sense, a dreamer—"Behold, this dreamer cometh"—by his brethren; and was "hated yet the more for his dreams." The Prophets and Apostles no less than our Lord Himself were eyed with a certain suspicious apprehension for what we moderns would disdainfully call their oracles and crystal ball predictions.

If, however, we take a more objective look at those things which surround us and are immediately accessible, we find, somewhat shockingly at times, that even we ourselves are the products of not only our own dreams but the dreams of others and above all—God's dream of what man is and ought to be!

Dreams, like good intentions (and Hell, they say, is paved with good intentions), remain only that and have no real validity unless and until they are put to work when the sleeper arouses himself from his slumbers.



The tenfoot, hand-hewn peeled spruce cross can be seen from three directions.

Jacob, the Book of Genesis tells us, laid down to sleep one night on his way to Haran, using a stone he found nearby for his pillow. He dreamed that he saw a ladder whose base rested on earth and whose summit reached toward heaven. The Lord spoke to Jacob in that dream, telling Him that He would be with him always, keeping him "in all places whither thou goest". Jacob awoke and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." He took the stone he had used for his pillow, set it up for a pillar, poured oil upon it and called it "God's house." The exact date of this incident escapes us and it is of no real significance anyway—suffice it to say it happened "once upon a time . . ." What is of significance, however, is the fact that a similar incident has recently occurred and the only changes are those of character (save One—the principal role is, as in Jacob's story, played by God) locale and scene.

The characters are all dreamers—but, like Jacob, they put their dreams to work to the glory of Almighty God!

The Bishop dreamed of new work in the Anchorage area to meet the



needs of the ever-growing civilian and service families in the "suburbs" surrounding Anchorage proper. He awoke to find a young and recently graduated seminarian ready to assume his missionary call for the Church in Alaska. In July, 1954, the newly ordained deacon—the Rev. Philip E. Jerauld—was assigned as assistant to the rector of All Saints' Church in Anchorage, but with the additional responsibility of making the proper contacts to establish new work. The young deacon dreamed a dream. Rogene Stryker dreamed about a mission five miles away in the Anchor homes area where she is a resident. She awoke and found a house in the project available for the price of the utilities alone. The house was speedily converted into a Church by some other "dreamers" in that area and in the meanwhile Mr. Jerauld awoke to find himself the Vicar of Saint Mary's—the Church's newest mission in Alaska.

Four more dreamers were appointed by the Vicar as a temporary Mission Committee—Isabelle Hume, Penny Barnes, Rogene Stryker and Major Russell O'Day, the latter a licensed lay reader. The committee awoke and found themselves a nucleus around which, week by week, grew a church family. On the first Sunday in Advent (a most suitable date in the Church year to begin a new church), November 28, 1954, twenty-two people joined the Vicar in thanking God for appearing to them in their dreams, and for making this first service in Saint Mary's possible.

On Christmas Day the rector of All Saints' celebrated the first Holy Communion in the new mission. On January 9th, 1955, the Bishop came to Anchorage to ordain the Vicar a priest in the Church and on January 10th at 10 a.m. Mr. Jerauld celebrated his first Holy Communion in the mission which four months prior, was only a dream.

A steady growth during the Lenten season made it necessary for the Vicar to devote three Sundays a month to the new work instead of the previously scheduled one Communion a month. This relieved the burden of

full responsibility for three services per month of the very capable lay reader.

On Easter Even, three adults and nine children were received "into the congregation of Christ's flock; signed with the sign of the cross" and made members of the Church catholic.

With an expanding congregation and and Church School, the Vicar found that his quarters, located in the mission itself, would have to be forfeited, and in April he moved into a separate house two blocks away. On May 11th, when the Bishop returned to Saint Mary's—this time in an official Visitation—he confirmed a class of eight; and the dreamers meanwhile, were already dreaming about building their own church. They were willing to assume the responsibility of a prospective \$5,000 loan from the National Council for such a venture. They had already assumed a twenty-dollar-a-month stipend toward the Vicar's salary and an additional ten per cent tithe toward the District's Expectation fund.

Land in the Anchorage area although plentiful, is excessively high priced, particularly for a new-born mission. God was already at work however, in the dreams of another family of parishioners of All Saints' congregation who lived about a mile away from Saint Mary's on a large tract of land which they had worked hard to homestead some nine years before. The Roger Waldrons awoke and found that they could afford to give a tract of six and a half acres of their precious land as a thanksgiving to Almighty God and for the express purpose of building a Church to His greater glory. The Mission Committee and its Vicar awoke once again and found themselves in the building business. While the plans were being "dreamt up" by Mr. Bruce Cruikshank, a vestryman of All Saints', the land was immediately put to good use.

Summer had arrived in Alaska and with it the opportunity to hold a vacation Bible School. The theme: God's Creation. The scene: the newly acquired tract of land—and a more suit-





The Bishop confirmed a Class of eight, May 11th, 1955

able and adaptable location could not have been chosen to make God's creation more relevant to the children. For two weeks, despite the daily intermittent rain, an average of sixty to seventy children from the families of both All Saints' and Saint Mary's learned about how God created the earth, the trees, the birds, the animals, the fish, and man, and that "it was good!" The six and a half acres were thoroughly "explored" by the children. While the younger ones took hikes and heard stories about the animals and things which God had created, the older boys and girls felled trees in the immediate area, cut and peeled spruce logs and fashioned a six-foot altar, cross and altar rail for the large Army tent which served as temporary shelter and chapel. In this chapel, which brought many a nostalgic memory to the seminarian who assisted the clergy in the school of similar scenes in the far off islands in the Pacific during World War II, the first celebration of the Holy Communion on the new land took place on Saint John the Baptist's Day, June 24th, with eighty-one adults and children present.

The children made up their own version of the canticle in Morning Prayer, Benedicite, omnia opera Domini—such unconventional verses as:

"All ye mosquitos, ants, squirrels, chipmunks, birds, tadpoles, fish, men and women—Bless ye the Lord; Praise Him and magnify Him forever," and together with the familiar hymns, All Things Bright and Beautiful, and Fairest Lord Jesus, transformed the hillside into a great choir of children's voices praising God for His creation.

The Bible School closed on July first with a picnic, and the raising of a ten-foot, hand-hewn, peeled spruce log cross, on the corner of the bluff which can be seen from three directions at the intersection of Tudor and Otis Lake roads. The flag raising on Mount Suribachi was never more dramatic than this.

The Bishop's Committee had, meanwhile, met and been informed of another dreamer who dreamed her dream some three thousand miles away—in Ross, Marin County, California. The widow of General George B. Pillsbury (who was the first chief engineer of the Alaskan Road Commission and who personally located the Valdez-Fairbanks Road, Alaska's first great public work), dreamed of a suitable memorial to her distinguished husband to be located somewhere in the Territory which he had loved and to which he had dedicated so many years of devoted service. Mrs. Pillsbury found herself the bene-



factress of Saint Mary's and her gift of ten thousand dollars was the means by which her husband's memory will always be revered in the form of a church dedicated to the glory of God. Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale of San Francisco added an additional five thousand dollars to the sum and George Pillsbury, General and Mrs. Pillsbury's son, himself an invalid and completely paralyzed since birth, generously added one thousand dollars.

The army tent had scarcely been removed when a dozer arrived to cut the new drive from the Tudor Road side. Bruce Cruikshank, by this time commissioned by the Mission Committee as the contractor for the building, had included in his dream a winding road, with a circular drive approaching the finished church. He had considerable difficulty convincing the dozer operator that this winding road and drive was more in keeping with the natural topography or "lay of the land" than a straight one. The dozer scooped out the side of the bluff and left a levelled depression 45x60 feet which will contain a 25x60 foot basement for Saint Mary's with a 20x60 foot stone patio adjoining. Although the ground was actually broken a week beforehand by machine, nevertheless, on Sunday afternoon, July 10th, following a combined All Saints'-St. Mary's picnic, approximately fifty people descended into the deep depression as the ground was now "officially" broken according to Church custom. In all the hurried preparations for the picnic and the ground-breaking, it was discovered that the "dreamers" had forgotten an important part of the equipment essential to the occasion—namely, the shovel! They awoke in sufficient time to quickly summon a suitable substitute—a well worn spade, and Mrs. Roger Waldron, in token of her family's gift of the land to the Church, turned the earth as the Vicar said: "Foreasmuch as devout and faithful people have taken in hand to build on this ground a House to be dedicated to the glory of God, to be known as Saint Mary's Mission, wherein the Gospel shall be truly preached, the Sacraments duly administered, and

the services of Prayer and Praise offered in this and in coming generations; therefore, I cause this ground to be broken for this Church; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

The contractor dreams that the basement structure will be ready for services and Church School by the first week in September, with perhaps enough materials left over to make a start on the church proper. The Saint Mary's dreamers, it appears, have all dreamed the same dream—a chalet-style church with a white steeple and bell hanging in the belfry, set atop this basement structure. They are already dreaming about an additional wing to house the ever expanding Church School and of a rectory on the property. Rogene Stryker, meanwhile, has already fallen into another slumber and is dreaming about another church in a nearby "surburb."

It is significant, is it not, that the dreamers in this story are for the most part, all members of the laity. They have not just dreamed about their spiritual needs and shown forth His praise only with their lips, but rather in their lives, by not only dreaming great dreams but by awakening from their slumbers to fulfill their bounden duty as members of Christ's Church.

Do you doubt that dreams can come true? If you do, then remember Saint Mary's "dreamers" and take added courage—for like Job, God may speak to you too "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

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We regret that the pictures of Shageluk, the Sitka Youth Conference and the Tanacross Potlatch have not arrived as we go to press.

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The Rev. Cameron Harriot was called to Los Angeles July 26 on account of the illness of his mother. His address there is 818 West Adams St. Will you remember them with us in your prayers.



THE REV. AND MRS. LEWIS HODGKINS



THE BACHELOR-CLERGY OF ALASKA (Elliott, Greene, Hannum, and Mendelsohn) sadly announce the departure from their "Order" of the Rev. Lewis Hodgkins. All Saints' Church, Hillsboro, Oregon, was the scene on June 24th of the wedding of Miss Barbee Faye Sherman and the Rev. Mr. Hodgkins. Officiating at the double-ring ceremony were the Rt. Rev. William J. Gordon, Jr. and the Rev. Steen Whitesides. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sherman of Ketchikan.

After a honeymoon trip to Victoria, B.C., the couple returned to Ketchikan where Mr. Hodgkins is priest-in-charge of St. Elizabeth's Mission.

Despite our sadness, the bachelor-clergy wish them every happiness in their new life together.







CANADA





The Rev. Albert Tritt

## THE REV. ALBERT TRITT---IN MEMORIAM

Early in the morning on June 7th the body of the Rev. Albert Tritt, Native Deacon of the Episcopal Church, was found high up on the side of a mountain overlooking his village, Arctic Village, one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. For many days and nights the men of the village had searched the lakes, streams, tundra, and mountains which surround our most isolated mission station. On the final day of the search, the Rev. Walter Hannum had been flown from Fort Yukon to assist the searchers, and scores of Fort Yukon men had volunteered to go with him.

An old man, almost totally deaf, yet strong, vigorous, and a devoted man of God, the Rev. Albert Tritt died of a heart-attack kneeling down upon the mountain from which he could see his village, the log church which he had built, and his people for whom he had so long diligently laboured.

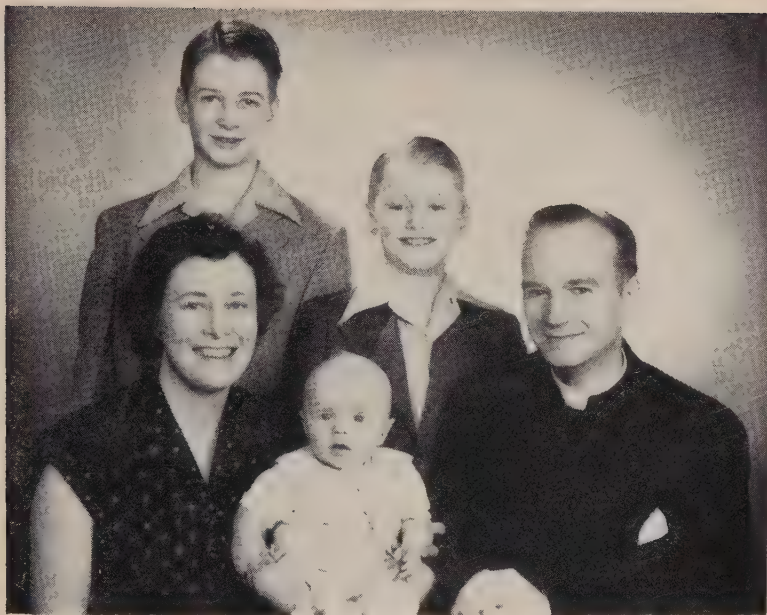
No finer tribute can be written than the following which was sent to a Fairbanks radio station to be read

to all of the people of Interior Alaska. Written by the people of Arctic Village, it was simply entitled, "The Report."

"Rev. Tritt the Episcopal preacher born in April 17th, 1880. His father Edward Tritt lived around the Arctic Village area. Edward was the man can read the Bible and knows the meaning in native tongue. He was known as respectable person. He taught Rev. Tritt how to read the Bible and old Edward died in 1898.

"In 1900 Rev. Albert Tritt first married to Old John's daughter, Laura, and had two children but they all died before 1904. At that time Rev. Tritt have no special home, mostly he was moving around about country. Then in 1905 Rev. Tritt married again to Sarah the daughter of Chief Peter, and in the following year, 1906, they had first child, Martha, and then Isaac, Paul, Abel, George, and they adopted one child, Christian. So they've raised 6 children. Actually they had 7 children but lost two of them, and their children (ed. note:





ON FURLOUGH—The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins with Mrs. Watkins and David and Tom, left Ketchikan on regular furlough July 11. John represented his father at the Youth Conference in Ketchikan July 8-15 and joined his parents in Seattle. This picture was taken in 1953. John is now 14 years old, David 11 years and Tom 2½ years. Fr. Watkins' address will be: July 25th to August 25th, 24 N. Portland Ave., Ventnor, N. J. August 25th to November 1, Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn. November 1, en route back to Ketchikan. He can be reached c/o The Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma 3, Wash., on his way back to Alaska.

counting grand-children) which are now livng counted 61. Rev. Albert Tritt first work was build house in Sheenjik River and at that time he was trader, that was around 1910. In 1914 he started to build fence for the caribou near Arctic Village but the people around there warned him, if the game warden caught him, he will have to be thrown in jail. So he gave that up. And then in 1915 he build church in Arctic Village and start making services, and in 1925 the Bishop, Trimble Rowe, made his deacon. In the following year he also build school house in Arctic Village, and in 1947 he build church in Chalk-

yitsik. He also build church in Venetie in 1951, and in Fort Yukon he was building a home for those who are native lay readers in 1944. In year 1954 he came back to Arctic Village. He surely was happy and satisfy for he have done his work which he wanted most. Rev. Tritt was doing pretty good until May 31st afternoon he had heart attack."

Kwirzi, Chukeinduk nirzi ako hli ha otitinyoo: nyi kukwadhut vi rsikoonchyo tsut nitetichizhit.

Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.



# IN MEMORIAM--THE RT. REV. THOMAS JENKINS



St. John's School and Church about 1905

To few men is the gift of vision granted. Fewer still are those granted the faith and industry to fashion such a vision into reality; and still fewer are those to whom is granted the joy of seeing the final reality exceed their vision. The Rt. Rev. Thomas Jenkins (retired Bishop of the Missionary District of Nevada) was numbered among that chosen few.

Describing the work of the Church in Ketchikan, Alaska for the April, 1903 issue of *The Spirit of Missions*, the Rev. Thomas Jenkins (appointed by the Board of Managers May 13, 1902) wrote: "Today we are reckoned at 1,000 whites though there are only about 800 during the winter, and 300 Indians. Most of the whites are men. If a man wants a congregation of men to preach to, this is the place to come to, and this is the time to come.

Our plan is to build a church to cost \$2,000, on a site adjoining the mission house. In six weeks, during the hours I could spare, I have raised \$850 toward the \$1,000 I hope to get here. For the other \$1,000 we need help from the outside. We shall start to build if possible in March, with what we have, and with faith that the

other \$1,000 will come. We must build or else give up. Which shall it be?"

These words speak eloquently of the man who wrote them. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins did not give up. Today, fifty-two years later, the self-supported parish of St. John's with a communicant membership of nearly 250 stands as a memorial to his vision, faith, and industry.

Born in England in 1871, Bishop Jenkins came to the United States at the age of eighteen, and graduated from Kenyon College and Bexley Hall. He became the senior priest at the Associate Mission in Cincinnati, where he and his co-workers had charge of a group of several missions in and near the city; and rector of the Church of the Ascension, Wyoming, Southern Ohio in 1900. On August 15, 1901 he married Ruth Mary Prichard, a member of the Mission. Together they arrived in Ketchikan on August 29, 1902. Here he established the first church of any kind in the community, maintained and developed a school for the Indian children, and laid the founda-





BISHOP GORDON takes delivery of a new 1955 Chevrolet Carryall from George Fiscola, sales manager, at Longview, Washington. The car, purchased by St. Elizabeth's, Ketchikan, will be of great assistance to the work in that area.

tions of our church hospital work in that area. For the August, 1904 issue of *The Spirit of Missions*, Mr. Jenkins wrote: "A year ago a teacher for the Indian school was appointed. Her salary is to be paid by the Woman's Auxiliary of Southern Ohio. This allowed other work to be done among the people and enabled me to visit other camps for occasional services. During the year, the teacher, Miss Edith A. Prichard, has conducted a cooking school in addition to her other work."

In 1908 he was transferred to St. Saviour's, Skagway and, upon returning from furlough in February, 1909 he was given the task of overseeing the work of several Southeastern Missions.

Mr. Jenkins resigned from the work in Alaska on April 1, 1910 and became rector of St. Paul's Parish, Fremont, Ohio. He later became the rector of St. David's Parish, Portland, Oregon and then general missionary of Oregon. He was elected Missionary Bishop of Nevada in 1928 and was consecrated in 1929. In 1942, at the age of 71, he resigned this office and devoted his time to writing his well-known book on Bishop Rowe, entitled "The Man of Alaska."

On January 1, 1955 St. John's, Ketchikan became a self-supported parish. On May 28, 1955 God bade the Rt. Rev. Thomas Jenkins lay down his pen for the last time. The vision and the reality had become one.



St. Peter's-by-the-Sea is host to the Conference.

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S FELLOWSHIP MEETING

By THE REV. LEWIS HODGKINS

Youth Chairman,  
Southeastern Convocation

The First Annual Youth Conference for Southeastern Alaska was an historic conference because it was the first time that there has been any Episcopal youth gathering of this size in any part of Alaska. It is the first of many camps for young people which will be held in Southeastern Alaska every year, either on some camp grounds borrowed for the occasion or in Episcopal camp sites which are to be planned. One of the camp sites which is now being worked upon is Camp St. Vincent at Betton Island, near Ketchikan; there may be others in the future for Southeastern Alaska or other parts of the Territory.

This year's conference was held in the buildings of the Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka, the Presbyterian high school and junior college for Alaska. St. Peter's-by-the-Sea in Sitka were hosts for the conference,

Father Chapman of St. Peter's being conference Chaplain and adult members of the church acting as counselors, instructors and helping with the registration and transportation.

The conference drew together thirty young people from the Southeastern Alaska towns of Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau and Sitka. The largest out-of-town delegation was from Juneau, including seven young people; three came from Wrangell, four from Petersburg, two from St. John's, Ketchikan and two from St. Elizabeth's, Ketchikan; fifteen attended from St. Peter's-by-the-sea, Sitka.

Three priests of the Missionary District of Alaska journeyed to Sitka to help with the program of the Youth Conference. The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins of St. Elizabeth's in Ketchikan, Youth Chairman for Southeastern Alaska,



# SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE FIRST YOUTH CONFERENCE IN ALASKA

By THE REV. ROBERT GRUMBINE,  
Youth Advisor, Missionary District  
of Alaska

Everyone flies in Alaska! Our people are no exception. All persons attending this conference came by Grumman Goose, by PBY, and by DC-4 with the exception of those residing in the host parish. Therefore in planning future encampments, the cost of transportation is always of prime importance. It is costly so we must scratch our heads to seek ways and means of meeting this problem.

Church camping is a brand, spanking-new experience for our teen-agers. They have attended Boy and Girl Scout camps, some have attended day

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was director of the Conference and Instructor in Prayer. The Rev. Samuel McPhetres of Juneau was Instructor in Teen-age Questions. The Rev. Robert Grumbine came the farthest distance, from Valdez, to be instructor in Church History and Youth Fellowship Organization. Fr. Grumbine is from the Denali Convocation of South Central Alaska and is the Youth Advisor for the Missionary District of Alaska.

Other instructors for the conference included Mr. Robert Sibley of Sitka, Church Music; Miss Laura Chapman of Sitka, Bible; Mr. and Mrs. George Nelson of Sitka, Folk Dancing; Mr. Matthew Clapp of Sitka and Tacoma, Washington, Recreation; Miss Mary Frances Hall, R. N. of Mt. Edgecumbe, Camp Nurse and Girls' Counselor.

Much of the credit for the success of this conference goes to the Rev. and Mrs. Chapman and the people of St. Peter's in Sitka, who spent many months in preparation for the First Youth Conference in the Convocation of Southeast Alaska.

camps and others possibly have been to recreational camps. But church camping is new, and it is different; so much more can be experienced. For instance, the corporate nature of our camp "living togetherness" was new. The fact that all campers are participants, not spectators, that the success of every scheduled activity absolutely depended upon the 100 per cent cooperation of all campers left no time for personal whims and fancies, likes and dislikes. Especially was this true for us in what to Outsiders would be considered a very small camp. We were all teammates. Each had a position to play.

Because we do live so far apart, sightseeing played an unusually important role in our week. There was one afternoon trip to Mt. Edgecumbe center where we saw boys and girls from all over our vast Territory in the orthopedic hospital — not sick—but shut in, some with various types of braces, some without. Their smiles—their spirit—these were contagious. Then there was our trip to St. Michael's Russian Orthodox Cathedral with the highly personalized tour conducted by Archimandrite of all Alaska, the Rev. Fr. Ambrossy with his intensity and seriousness in telling us of the status of Christianity in Communist Russia and seeing the priceless ikons and the ornate chalice. These things helped round out our week of study, fun, worship and fellowship.

Class highlights: that the Roman Mission under Augustine did not establish Christianity in Britain and that Henry, the Eighth, did not found the Episcopal Church; that the Bible has something to say to teenagers which meets their growing needs; that Prayer Life is for all Christians ir-



ON FURLOUGH—This was taken in Minto in April. In May Mrs. Gordon and the children — Paneen, eleven years, Billy nine and Rebecca five—left for the States. The Bishop joined them in June and all will return to Fairbanks over the highway about October 1.

respective of age; that there is a real difference between a Gospel song and a hymn; that questions about religion and growing up take honesty and daring for all youth; that every YPF, no matter how small, can have a well rounded, full and interesting program.

Worshipwise: The brief and challenging morning chapel talks by the Chaplain proved thought-provoking in speaking of the many facets of our Lord's personality; the sung graces at mealtime; the various kinds of Vesper Service; the need for adequate preparation for Holy Communion; the quiet and simple beauty of the office of Compline; the young people's choir on Sunday morning; the boys' leadership of the entire Morning Prayer Service on Sunday.

Then there was the banquet and even more valuable and important, the evaluation which took place after

the dinner dishes had been removed. It was not so much what we learned but the spirit in which we learned it, and our hopes for the future of our embryonic movement in Southeastern Alaska. To me the highlight was when the young people turned their ideas and discussion into questions concerning the closing hours for the conference—their literal demand for a closing celebration of the Holy Communion, even though it would mean rising considerably earlier than formerly planned. Our young people in Southeastern Alaska are taking their place in God's work with an enthusiasm, a vigor, an insight of which all of Alaska can well be proud.

Now is the time to send in that Christmas gift subscription as the next number is the last one for the year. A reproduction of the front cover in postcard size is the gift card that we use. How many copies will you want?



# TANACROSS POTLATCH

By CYNTHIA LILLEY

St. Timothy's Mission in Tanacross celebrated a particularly wonderful 4th of July in 1955. The Rev. Robert B. Greene, Priest-in-charge at St. Timothy's Mission in Tanacross gave a Potlatch to celebrate the near-completion of the beautiful new rectory at the village. Almost four months of hard work and sacrifice were nearly over and it was time for some fun!

A Potlatch among the native people is a celebration and a time for giving gifts; a time for fun, feasting and dancing. Usually it is given because a loved one has died, or some tragedy has occurred and the giver of the Potlatch wants everyone to be happy again, not sad because of what has happened. The story of the Tanacross Potlatch really begins on March 16, 1955 when a tragic fire destroyed the rectory. Everyone has read in the May issue of the Alaskan Churchman how wonderfully the people of Tanacross have shown their love and affection for their church by their help and support in the building of a new rectory. Now it was time to celebrate, and to show off to others the results of so much work and sacrifice on the part of not only the people of Tanacross but of everyone whose gifts and support in so many ways, had helped to make the new rectory possible.

It seemed that Mr. Greene for the past month or so, during his visits to various settlements and villages, had been issuing a sort of blanket invitations to his Potlatch so he didn't really have too good an idea of how many guests he would have! Long before noon on July 4th, the first automobile tooted its horn on the other side of the river, and Ambrose Solomon in the mission's river boat came over to pick up the first load of passengers. By one p.m. the river boat had very nearly worn a groove in the Tanana River and guests were all over the place, perched on logs, sitting in groups under the trees, inspecting the new rectory, visiting with the people and wandering through the village admiring its neatness and the beauti-

ful vegetable gardens in front of nearly every cabin. A conservative estimate placed the number of guests at from five to six hundred—five times the population of Tanacross! People were there from all the surrounding villages, from Tetlin, Minto and many others; ten villages were accounted for in all, with many visitors coming from Fairbanks, Tok Junction and Big Delta. The surprise guests were a group of people from California coming into the Territory over the highway who heard of the party and who came to see what was going on!

Shortly after one p.m. St. Timothy's bell rang and the village people began gathering with the other guests beside the church. All of the people were dressed in their best, making the scene a kaleidoscope of colors, orange, scarlet and fuchsia, mingled with kelly green and brilliant yellow. Lengths of colored cloth were laid on the ground and weighted down with cans of fruit and jam, bread and butter and kettles of tea. The "piece de resistance" of the meal was a wonderful stew which had been constructed by Mr. Greene and brewed in—of all things—a large shiny garbage can which he kept insisting was definitely a new garbage can! New garbage can or not, the stew was wonderful and everyone enjoyed the meal. The scene was a wonderful one of color, confusion and good fellowship, with occasional small fry falling flat in the jam or stepping smack into the middle of the butter.

After everyone had eaten, the debris was cleared away and the Potlatch itself began, with gifts for everyone. Mr. Greene distributed boxes of tea, blankets, scarves, warm sweaters, the traditional lengths of cloth and many other items. One gift which caused great hilarity was a whole rack of pipes for David Paul who it seems, has a habit of absentmindedly stuffing ".22" shells in his pockets along with his pipe tobacco, with the result that he occasionally blows the end off his pipe. With this potlatch gift he will surely have "spares" for some time to come!

Another gift which received im-



mediate use and which was received with great glee by the children of the village, was a playground slide. The children have no other playground equipment so the slide, if the 4th of July was any example, will receive constant use.

While the gifts were being distributed many of the men made short talks, including Chief Walter Isaac, a guest from Minto, David Paul who has been the layreader at Tanacross for thirty years, and many others. The people of the village gave Mr. Greene a coat much like the one he lost in the fire, beautifully decorated with fur and bead work. They also distributed gifts among themselves, lengths of cloth, which are traditional gifts at a Potlatch, and many other gifts received with many grins.

After this came the dances, with the people of the village doing their own dances in costume. These dances were a wonderful treat to the many guests who had never had an opportunity to see native people dance in costume before. Even the children danced—one little fellow not much higher than the patch of grass he was standing in, was grinning from ear to ear and stomping away in perfect time with his tiny feet.

After the dancing some of the men set up flags for the races, to be run by the men and women and the children of all ages.

As the day grew late, the river boat again started ferrying guests back across the river to their cars and the village of Tanacross began settling back to everyday living. More work is still to be done but the new rectory beautifully built of peeled oiled logs is visible proof of the efforts and gifts of the many people who helped by the work of their hands and their gifts to make it possible. With the church built only two years ago and the new rectory, the work of the Church at Tanacross will go forward to an even greater degree in this small far northern corner of the world. To see these wonderful buildings and to meet the people is to know that surely the work of our Lord has borne fruit in Tannacross.

## Temperatures and Workers

For the benefit of uninitiated "Outsiders" who are firmly convinced that Alaska is a land of eternal snow, darkness, and freezing temperatures, we would like to record that fact that the temperature at Fort Yukon, eight miles north of the Arctic Circle, yesterday, July 24th was 94 and Fairbanks, which is closer to the Arctic Circle than is Nome, is sweltering in a similar heat wave. In all fairness we must add that last night the temperature in Fairbanks was 55.

For Alaskans, summer is the time for accomplishing as much as possible. For the Church in Alaska, summer is the time for accomplishing needed building construction, conducting concentrated work among both children and adults through Daily Vacation Bible Schools, and providing a continuous ministry to those villages which can receive only infrequent visits by a priest during the winter months. For the successful accomplishment of these tasks we are deeply indebted to the young men and women who come to us from the States at considerable expense to themselves and their parishes. Doing splendid work this summer are seminarians Coleman Inge (Sewanee) at Tanana and Stevens Village; Pat Keller (Virginia) at Tetlin; Fred Stahl (Philadelphia) at Eagle; and Carter van Waes (Pacific) at Anchorage. Daily Vacation Bible School Workers, Caroline Templeton (St. Margaret's), Alma Rowe (Mary Washington), Julia Brabson, Frances Chambers, Penny Leisenring, Betty Marvin (all from Mount Holyoke); Ray Harrison, Harrison Owen (both from Williams), and Sharon Day (Anchorage). Camp St. Vincent Workers, Jean Cameron, Matthew Clapp, Bill Tudor (all from Christ Church, Tacoma) and Butch Drury and Charles Fish (both from St. Paul's, Burlington, Vermont); hospital assistants at Fort Yukon, Miss Esther Fessenden who is the chaperone for the Massachusetts group, and Albert Nisley, (Sewanee).



## PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
		The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert
	Diocesan Missioner	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

## MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the-Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	St. Mary's	Asst. All Saints'
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
		Mr. Page H. Kent
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	Missioner
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
		Mr. Ned Thomas
		Mr. Isaac Tritt
	Hudson Stuck	Dr. S. Donald Palmer
	Memorial Hospital	Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N.
		Miss Irene Burnham, R.N.
		Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N.
		Miss Elizabeth Klemm
		Mr. Grafton Bergman
		Capt. George S. Glander
Huslia	Good Shepherd	Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R.N.
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the-Arctic	The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr.
Minto	St. Barnabas'	m. Nenana
		Miss Bertha E. Mason, R.N.
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox
		Mr. Donald Oktollik
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

## OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Pt. Lay	Skagway
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Mt. Edgecumbe	Stevens Village
Beaver	Homer	Noatak	Tetlin
Big Delta	Hot Springs	Nome	Venetie
Bettles	Hughes	Palmer	Wrangell Institute
Circle	Kenai	Seldovia	
Coschaket	Rampart		

